



Quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum incenia flammæ
Destruat aut captam ducat Gætulus Iarbas?

VIRG. ÆN. IV.

BRITAIN,

A

POEM;

IN

THREE BOOKS.

Μέχρις τεῦ καλᾶκεισθε; κόν' ἄλκιμον ἔξετε θυμόν,

ὧ νέοι; ἰδ' αἰδέσθ' ἀμφοτερικτίνας,

ὧ δε λῖνν μεθιέντες; ἐν εἰρήνῃ διέδοκᾶτε

ἦσθαι ἀτὰρ πόλεμῳ γαῖαν ἅπασαν ἔχει.

TYRTÆUS.

EDINBURGH:

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For the AUTHOR.

M, DCC, LVII.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following piece was begun but very lately, and finished within a few weeks. The historical facts are inserted from the best information: and the notes which are dispersed thro' the second book, by way of illustration, are taken from the king of PRUSSIA's campaign, then printed from the French. All personal invective, and factious humour has been industriously avoided thro' the whole; this being very opposite to the author's own disposition, and the design of the poem itself. Being wrote for the pre-

sent juncture, it was thought requisite it should be published without delay; hence several improprieties will occur which more leisure might have corrected. This is the first attempt which the author ever made in this way: conscious of his own weakness, he sincerely wishes that the subject had been taken up by some masterly hand; and boasts of nothing here but the good intention, by which only he can expect the favour of every candid and unprejudiced reader.

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The

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Our

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BOOK I.

The Argument.

INTRODUCTION—Short view of peace—Our greatness and felicity under a protestant prince.—Hence, turning on our late misfortunes, the great disgrace of the British flag, and the decay of martial ardor are considered.—The ruin and depredation of our Indian colonies.—The sacking of an out-settlement.—The fatal consequences that may attend the farther success of France.—Our thoughtless security amidst such imminent danger.—The glorious cause which summons us to awake, and should fire the breast of every lover of his country.

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B R I T A I N,

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P O E M.

B O O K I.

TWAS on the day, when, every care at rest,
Britain for GEORGE the annual feast renews;
When joyous patriots count his growing years,
And splendid courts, with pomp illustrious,
Hasten to hail their sov'reign Lord, and share 5
Those smiles which from the tender parent flow.
While shouting crowds applaud the glorious reign,
And bellowing cannon thunder to the deep;

A

Transported

Transported with the general joy I stood,
 Where antient Thames, majestic flood! descends,
 Copious and wide, a sea from shore to shore. 11
 His chrystal waves, exulting round, embrac'd,
 Full many a gilded barge and galley, rich
 With streamers, and embroider'd canopy :
 These, smooth and solemn steer'd with skilful oars,
 Cut cross the yielding stream, whilst martial sounds,
 Such as might kindle to heroic deeds, 17
 From clarions, and from brazen trumpets loud,
 Resounding echo'd to the distant spires.
 Mean while imperial London issued forth 20
 From all her gates by thousands, to make glad
 Th' auspicious day with mirth and festive song.
 Wide o'er the croud, all loyal, rough and bold,
 While every labor rests, the clamor runs
 Responsive to the peal of guns, and heard 25
 Resounding loud from winding street to street.
 Turn'd from this scene, I thought on former days,
 High bless'd with peace and deeds of civil fame :
 The crown devolv'd on Brunswic's royal line,
 When liberty and sacred truth combin'd 30

To raise the glorious reign. Our LORD I view'd
 Dispensing good promiscuous thro' the realm.
 Before him violence and discord fled,
 And hard oppression veil'd her ruthless brow,
 With baneful envy, malice fell retir'd 35
 To Stygian shades and dismal Acheron;
 Whilst rapine and abhorred murder seiz'd,
 Beneath the lifted sword of justice bled.

Then sacred peace, with all her smiling train,
 Daughter of heav'n, descending on our isle, 40
 Dealt round her bounteous gifts, g'ad plenty's stores,
 Riches and arts, and health, and learned ease,
 Inviolatè, nor by horrid war profan'd.
 The swain rejoicing ploughs the wealthy soil,
 By tenfold us'ry faithful to his trust ; 45
 Then reaps the harvest of his honest toil.
 Thro' all our cities, emulous and loud,
 The voice of busy merchandise is heard ;
 And the strong arm of industry resounds
 In ev'ry street : even hoary age appears 50
 Glad at the toiling forge or quarry'd rock.

For traffic and for riches' glittering stores,

Our daring vessels tempt the rage of seas,
 And spread their swelling sails for Indian isles ;
 Thence, fraught with golden treasures, pour us out
 'The nerves and sinews of substantial war. 56
 Then Britain's fame I view'd, for science bold,
 And soaring genius o'er the nations rais'd :
 Whate'er th' immortal daring mind of man
 Has counted noble, virtuous, and great, 60
 She calls her own, and lifts her laurel'd brow,
 By Greece unrival'd, or imperial Rome.
 Expell'd their ancient haunt by barb'rous rage,
 'The muses here have fix'd their lov'd retreat,
 Honor'd and safe thro' all her spacious realm, 65
 In unmolested peace : her native seas
 Roll'd round, a christal bulwark from the rod
 Of stern oppression, and wide wasting war,
 And lawless power, which bends the genius down,
 Ignobly shackl'd and forbid to soar. 70

Then great in arms, invincible and bold,
 She seem'd the sovereign arbitress of war,
 The scourge of nations and the dread of kings ;
 The brazen trump of fame resounding loud

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry neighb'ring clime her martial praise : 75

Those laurels won in many a bloody field,

Heroic deeds, immortal, which the fiend

Of malice flanders not, but hears rehears'd,

While monarchs shake with envy and with fear.

Great she appear'd, for vindicated truth 80

The mighty bulwark and defensive shield.

As where religion, undefil'd and pure

Illustrious exalts her rev'rend form,

The sacred oracles by holy hands

Display'd, wide opening, so that all may read : 85

Wide o'er the land ten thousand temples rise,

Where each returning week her crouding fons

Unto reveal'd divinity renew

The grand festival, hallow'd, nor profan'd

By papal rites or superstitious rage. 90

The sacred flame, thro' ages never quench'd,

Here burns unstain'd and mounts unto the skies,

Watch'd and protected by her guardian king,

The bulwark and avenger of her faith.

Not so the days when furious discord rag'd, 95

And war wide wasting round from shore to shore,

When madd'ning princes flung the sceptre down,
 And rul'd their subjects with a rod of iron ;
 Their laws, their liberties, and lives the prey
 Of fierce tyrannic power : the muses fled, 100
 And science trembl'd for her sacred lore.
 As when the impious SARACEN o'erwhelm'd
 Her pillar'd domes with sacrilegious fire ;
 Commerce forsook th' inhospitable shores,
 And all supporting industry, forgot, 105
 Lay buried deep amidst the general wreck.
 Cruelty and want, and famine's dismal train,
 Took place : then hellish persecution roar'd,
 With wrath satannic, blasphemous, accurs'd,
 The foe of God and man : the fury rode 110
 Impatient for destruction ; when she frown'd
 Death follow'd fast ; her glaring eyes, which blaz'd
 Like comets, rain'd infernal poison down,
 Engend'ring cruelty and thirst of blood.
 Before her chariot, wild for ruin, rush'd 115
 Grim death, and merc'less hate, and Stygian fiends,
 A horrid band, with blazing torches arm'd.
 Behind her jarring wheels, deep dy'd in blood,

Follow'd

Follow'd hell-fire, and curs'd converting arts,
 And savage bondage, arm'd with rattling chains.
 Descending from her car, the monster flood 121
 Proud in her black tribunal, impious nam'd
 The glorious court of God's triumphant church;
 She stood and wav'd her arm, which reek'd with ^{blood,}
 Condemning loud by thousands who oppos'd 125
 Her horrid faith, and ev'ry doom was death.
 105 Nor could plebeian blood her vengeance fate,
 For sacred primates, deans and nobles burn
 In curs'd devouring flame : Thus rag'd the fiend
 With wrath infuriate, and implacable; 130
 And still had rag'd, for hell can hold no bounds,
 Had not th' Almighty, when her cup was full,
 In vengeance banish'd the rebellious rout;
 Then crown'd his own Anointed to preside,
 To heal the wounds which superstition made, 135
 And deep enchain the struggling fury down.
 115 A race of kings, reflecting each his fire,
 Follow'd, till royal BRUNSWIC's line assum'd
 Imperial power, DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH.
 Think, BRITAIN, think what blessings you have ^{shar'd,}
 Follow'd
 How

How deeply drunk of all that men call good. 141
 Happiest of nations ! see thy mighty Lord,
 The parent and the guardian of the realm,
 Rejoicing to behold his people blest'd,
 Even as he sorrows to observe their woe. 145

Thus wand'ring on thro' Britain's vary'd bliss,
 Of late so blasted and embitter'd deep,
 By adverse schemes and inauspicious fields ;
 These joyous scenes, and peace now banished,
 Arising bright in one transporting view, 150
 Deceiv'd the anguish for my country's fate,
 And, for short season, stop'd the falling grief.
 So, when Aquarius rules th' inverted year,
 The heavens malign, the country spoil'd around,
 A wither'd waste, some shiv'ring swain by chance
 Lights on a flow'ry border, beauteous, flush'd, 156
 As by the breath of spring, with tend'rest care
 Of gardner, or of raptur'd florist, rais'd ;
 Wond'ring he stares, nor heeds the scouling storm
 Condensing round with congregated gloom, 160
 Till some rough blast, with spoiling fury arm'd,
 Shivers the scene, while sorrowing he retires.

Thus

Thus anguish with redoubl'd smart return'd,
 And sadness rous'd by BRITAIN's mighty wrongs :
 Her proudest fortrefs yielded up to France, 165
 Her other left defenceless for the war.
 145 Her western empire spoil'd and deeply gor'd
 With many a cruel inroad, by the sword
 Of savage Indian, and more savage Gaul :
 Kingdoms laid waste, and Indian empires lost 170
 Tamely, without the drawing of a sword.
 150 These mighty fleets with triple thunder arm'd,
 Our bulwark to repel invading war,
 Erst wont to pour terrific on our foes,
 Unerring fate like tempest wasting round, 175
 Rend'ring the horrent conflict more abhor'd,
 With sulph'rous snares, and fierce devouring flame,
 Strong as the blast of whirlwinds, and destruction
 From roving mortars bursting overhead ;
 These fleets, which to equip, consum'd the wealth
 Of half the realm, and half her forests spoil'd 181
 Of native oak, to build their stately pride ;
 These fleets sent forth all furnish'd for the war,
 To gain us glory, and repell the stroke

Thus

Of

Of France ambitious, watchful to enslave; 185 And
 Have, O opprobrious ! dastardly return'd, The
 Not rich with conquest, but with foul disgrace, Retra
 Worsted and foil'd in ev'ry enterprize ; Deep
 While round, all Europe brands the British flag, Of b
 Their terror once, with cowardice and flight. 190 Old

BRITAIN, where is that martial genius fled ? The
 That virtuous thirst for glory and renown, And
 Which us'd to burn in ev'ry soldier's breast, Fir'd
 And challeng'd victory in ev'ry field ? The
 Is all that ardor and heroic fire. 195 O'er
 Extinguish'd quite ? that fire which us'd to blaze, Dy'd
 And thunder dreadful thro' the fields of fight, This
 When liberty the glorious cause provok'd, Befor
 And arm'd her chosen heroes for the war ? When

Behold great RUSSEL † crown'd with naval fame, His t
 And glorious wreaths of conquest on the deep : Again
 Ambition noble, and his country's love, 202 Refus
 Like inspiration, fir'd the warrior's breast ;
 'Midst the dire wreck of sulph'rous war he rush'd, †

And

† The memorable 29th May 1692, when the French
 fleet, then ready to make a descent upon England, re-
 ceived a total defeat from the gallant admiral Russel.

†
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185 And pour'd tempestuous fire on hostile fleets. 205
 The sky, with loud continu'd thunder vex'd,
 Return'd th' incessant roar; th' affrighted flood,
 Deep trembling, shook beneath the dreadful rage
 Of bloody conflict; and, wide scorch'd with flame,
 190 Old ocean seem'd o'er all his waves to burn. 210
 The foes of BRITAIN bled at ev'ry charge,
 And bow'd their pride beneath the victor's stroke.
 Fir'd by his country's cause, thro' fields of death
 The great immortal MARLBOROUGH rode,
 195 O'er France triumphant, with his foaming steed
 Dy'd in her richest blood. In later days 216
 This spirit rag'd in Tournay's ‡ dreadful field,
 Before the roaring cannon unremov'd,
 When matchless CUMBERLAND, undaunted, led
 His troops like lions, ardent for the fray, 220
 Against unnumber'd foes; the hero rush'd,
 202 Resolute, as a tempest on the plain.

Before
 ‡ The battle of Fontenoy, fought for the relief of
 Tournay, remains an everlasting testimony of the most
 unshaken courage, and contempt of danger. One co-
 lumn of 16000 British drove before them the best
 troops of France, tho' thrice their number; and had
 well nigh taken the French King and his son.

Before him bloody slaughter rose in heaps,
 And routed armies fled like driven deer ;
 So Sparta's prince, when Xerxes fought to win
 All Greece, and to enslave her generous sons, 226
 With a few hardy veterans repell'd
 United armies, and embattled hosts
 Discomfited, till slaughter reach'd the camp,
 And fire, wide wasting to the royal tent. 230

But now heroic ardor wakes no more ;
 Now, in the soften'd mind, the virtuous love
 Of honest fame lies perish'd and forgot ;
 And glory sounds her brazen trump in vain,
 Unheard, unnotic'd by unwilling ears, 235
 Which pleasure's smooth enchanting voice allures.
 What dismal malady infects our isle ?
 What cause unblest thro' ev'ry soul inspires
 Infectious plague? what evil genius binds
 Our sons degenerate, timorous and slow, 240
 In ignominious and lethargic sleep ?
 Shall honor still present her gaudy plume ?
 Shall victory triumphant sue in vain ?
 And shall not one thro' all these isles be found,

ps, In whom unquench'd the glorious passion reigns,
 ; Fanulous to mount ambition's winged steed, 246
 t to win And stem the torrent of capricious fate;
 s sons, 226 To pour just vengeance on perfidious kings ;
 To fix the barrier for insulting France,
 And raise the trophies of immortal fame. 250
 amp, Grand the attempt, and arduous the toil !
 . 230 Illustrious he, whom pitying Heav'n ordains
 ; The confidence of BRITAIN'S tott'ring state !
 s love If any such these artless numbers read,
 ; Penn'd by a humble muse, forgive the strain,
 rain, That flows unequal to the great design, 256
 235 And grant protection to the well-meant song,
 ce allures. Which sheds the tribute of a friendly tear
 O'er BRITAIN'S loss, and inauspicious days :
 res Her partial voice she lists not, to foment 260
 s The flame of factious party, nor directs
 240 The keen, invective, level'd to defame
 Distinguish'd worth, and purpl'd eminence.
 ? But could I raise my voice as thunder loud,
 And rise sublime, as with a muse of fire, 265
 found, B Like

In

Like the Immortal Argive *, when inspir'd
 By patriot love, and liberty profan'd;
 When he did rouse th' Athenian youth, and rag'd
 With eloquence resistless, to defeat
 Tyrannic power, and on the monster throw 270
 These chains which for his country were design'd
 I'd call thee, O thou great One ! to arise ;
 To mount prevention's flying car ; to pour
 Awaken'd vengeance on ambitious Gaul,
 And aid thy country in this dread extreme. 275
 May BRITAIN's better Genius be thy guide ;
 Inspire auspicious, and direct the blow ;
 May victory sit plum'd upon thy helm,
 And terror hang on thy uplifted sword :
 May all that courage which of old inflam'd 280
 Heroic sons, now burn renew'd in thee ;
 Strengthen thine arm to raise a sinking land,
 And pluck proud honor from the vaunting foe.
 Hero arise ! BRITANNIA sues in tears,

* Demosthenes, the famous Athenian orator, who
 bravely withstood the ambitious aims of Philip, king of
 Macedon.

And calls thee to unsheath the thirsty sword. 285
 Think of her wrongs, and hasten to redress,
 Hasten to blunt the thorn of piercing grief,
 To raise her head, and in these aching wounds,
 To pour the lenitive with healing hands.
 See the obdurate Gaul, with murder stain'd, 290
 Shedding, with greediness, the BRITISH blood!
 Behold the ghost of Braddock *, brave in fight,
 With generous Halket, stalking fullen round
 Ohio's red stream, unburied, unreveng'd ! 295
 See round the chiefs a croud of mangled shades,
 Cruelly deform'd by many a hideous gash !
 These point at ev'ry wound, still seen to bleed,

B 2

With

* The conduct of this unfortunate general has been
 much blam'd, as rash and precipitant. The fatal cata-
 strophe is yet fresh in our minds; yet the author will
 not take it upon him to alleviate the charge, nor pre-
 sume to censure. The general, and those gallant gentle-
 men, are considered here as falling in their country's
 cause, nobly, tho' unreveng'd. Their behaviour in the
 field was great and glorious, meriting a better fate. The
 general gave most ample proofs of undaunted bravery and
 resolution, and had five horses killed under him. After
 his troops were broken, and flying on ev'ry side, himself
 mortally wounded, amidst the anguish of his wounds he
 was rais'd at his own desire, and, supported by two
 wounded officers, still endeavour'd to animate his men.

With horrid looks devour the purple sand, Of h
 And grimly beckon to revenge their fall. 300 Now
 Behold a later scene, with ruin fresh Their
 And shameful ignominy; see the foe, For th
 Their ensigns streaming from Oswego's walls, With
 Vaunting with victory! see, in the dust, Their
 A naked trunk the valiant Mercer lies, 305 With
 Cover'd with honor! from his cruel wounds, Dream
 The work of butchering France, the warm blood ^{stream} Of rut
 And calls impatient for some great revenge. When

Thro' all these provinces, what scenes of death When
 What mangl'd limbs, and gory heads affright! By thin
 What undistinguish'd carnage lies around, 310 Of Fra
 With horror big to shock the fiercest mind! Defenc
 The BRITISH foldier all one bleeding wound, O bitter
 With savage steel infix'd in his heart. By ruffi
 Deep in yon vale behold these Hamlets burn, 315 His vast
 The hapless planters butcher'd, the rich fields His pea
 Laid waste, and all the colony o'erthrown. And all
 Some hours, ere while, the busy tribe elate, In one c
 Rejoicing at their task, by peaceful toil Thus w
 Deceiv'd the lonely day; now planning schemes Their g
 Of

Of honest art, to raise their growing store; 321
 300 Now expeditious, hastening to bring forth
 Their treasur'd plenty, and rich merchandize,
 For thee, O BRITAIN, but prepar'd in vain!
 With closing day, the colony resign'd 325
 Their weary limbs to balmy rest, intent
 305 With rising morn for the unfinish'd task,
 Dreaming no danger near, far less the sword
 Of ruthless murder to besiege their doors;
 When lo! in midnight darkness, and the hour
 When deepest slumbers reign, the savage, urg'd
 By thirst of bloodshed, rapine, and the gold 332
 310 Of France, more savage, rush'd upon the prey,
 Defenceless, and devoted to his rage;
 O bitter fate! the harmless planter stab'd 335
 By ruffian hands, beneath his sacred roof;
 His vassals murder'd, and his riches seiz'd;
 His peaceful home surrender'd to the flames,
 And all the toil of lab'ring years laid waste,
 In one devouring and destructive hour. 340
 Thus when the hives, industrious, have enlarg'd
 Their golden store, and fill'd the wond'rous dome

With treasur'd spoil, to tempt rapacious man;
 Deep in their cell retir'd, the insect train
 Hold merry wakes, and ponder future plans, 345
 In council joyous, o'er their wintry store;
 Till, at the shut of eve, the ruthless swain,
 With hand obdurate, lights the noxious steam,
 And 'whelming all with blue sulphureous flame,
 Plunders the wealthy settlement, and throws 350
 The murder'd swarm, still heaving, to the ground
 What monstrous thirst of blood, O Gaul, inflames
 Thy savage breast! this is not war, to stain
 Your conquering sword in massacre and death,
 But slaughter horrid, and accurs'd desire 355
 To drink the BRITISH gore: this is not war,
 To tempt the ruffian savage from his woods,
 By proffer'd gold excited to commit
 Murder abhor'd, and crimes of monstrous guilt
 This butchery, and demoniac rage 360
 Against the human race: and think not, France,
 Such bloody conquests can have power to break
 BRITANNIA's spirit, or awaken fear,
 To sue for servile peace on shameful terms:

BRITAN

BRITAIN disclaims the abject thought, nor bends
 Beneath the stroke of Gaul's victorious sword. 366
 Stern, and unmov'd, she marks each bloody scar
 With looks severe, and eyes that flame with rage,
 Scouling awaken'd vengeance : in herself
 Collected, great, the queen of ocean stands, 370
 And rises fiercer from each goring wound.
 So the bold lion hunted on the plain,
 Where Mauritania's piny forests rise,
 By men more savage ; should the barbed dart
 Fix in his chest, he maddens with the wound, 375
 And, rushing fierce on the protended spear,
 Hangs deadly on the bounding courser's neck,
 And tears the mangled hunter to the ground.

BRITAIN awake ! see hostile France is up,
 On ruin bent, and brandishes her sword, 380
 Which she has stained deep in kindred blood.
 Ev'n now in silence, and in midnight shade,
 She plans her schemes of conquest ; having seiz'd
 Our strong out-holds, the bulwark of our trade,
 These gates by which our royal treasures pass :
 Our Indian provinces embroiled deep 386

In

BRITAIN

In hideous war, she watchful waits the hour
 To lift the blow, big with impending fate,
 Against the sacred neck of liberty;
 From all her adverse harbours pouring forth 390
 By thousands, to descend upon our isle :
 To bind in slavish chains our generous sons ;
 To end BRITANNIA'S freedom, and her reign,
 Illustrious thro' a glorious race of kings : 394
 With impious hands, to lift the BRITISH crown
 From GEORGE'S sacred head, and give the realm
 A prey to tyranny and lawless power :
 To tread religion, hallowed, under foot,
 And send the fury superstition forth,
 Blasphemous, and devouring thro' the land : 400
 Then aim some dreadful mischief, to subdue
 Our stubborn sons, and bend them to the yoke;
 Perhaps to yield our princely senate, where
 The love of liberty and virtue dwells,
 Invincible, and ardent to be free, 405
 To the nefarious axe : perhaps, in rage,
 To lay the pride of cities in the dust,
 Imperial LONDON sack'd and plundered,

To yield her merchants, and her merchandize,
 Her treasur'd heaps, the spoil of ruffian Gauls: 410
 To send her turrets blazing to the skies;
 Her sacred domes with sacrilegious fire
 To burn; her royal palaces, the work
 Of ancient kings, with all their stately pride 414
 Of towers, and glittering spires, to humble low:
 To render desert where proud London stood,
 And lay her boasted glories in the dust.

O BRITAIN! O my country! how my heart
 Does bleed to see thee thoughtless and secure,
 Dissolv'd in indolence, and dance and song! 420
 To see thee quaff, with greediness and thirst,
 Intoxicating draughts from pleasure's bowl;
 When crushing ruin, ready to descend,
 Hangs over head; when fatal snares are laid, 425
 And danger hath begirt your islands round!
 How horror and impatience shake my soul,
 When I behold thee, O my country! lost
 In leaden slumbers, and pernicious rest,
 Planning in golden dreams, as it were peace,
 With busy eagerness, the schemes of trade; 430
 And

And various industry enriching round :
 Whilst foes, insidious, hover to devour ;
 While hostile France, ambitious and elate,
 Roars in your ears the brazen trump of war ; 434
 And, forging chains to bind your freeborn sons,
 Hastens impatient to direct the blow !
 Thus where, from secret springs, the seven stream^{Nile}'d
 O'er Nubian mountains rolls his watry store,
 Awaken'd oft by full autumnal rains ;
 Deep in the verdant vale, a joyous train 440
 Of Afric swains, with pipe and song deceive
 The ling'ring hours, and dream no danger near,
 Till dreadful down the channel'd rock descends
 The rous'd up river, with loud thunder's roar ;
 And, 'whelming flocks and men, and faithful dogs,
 Rolls wide the desolation to the deep. 446
 Rise, BRITONS, rise; obey the powerful voice,
 Which, loudly pleading, calls you to awake;
 Rouse and shake off this lethargy which hangs
 So deadly, and distresses wide the land ; 450
 Rouse and awake, 'ere fierce destruction comes,
 Like whirlwinds arm'd with fury to confound :
 And

And bursting o'er these islands, sink the realm
Beneath her oceans, never to arise. 454

Lo ! sacred truth, whose head our fathers rais'd
With toiling labour, and expence of blood ;
And thron'd triumphant o'er degenerate faith,
O'er tyranny, and superstitious Rome ;
Cries loud to fight her battles, to defend 459
Those heavenly gifts, and shield Jerusalem's walls
From cruel sword, and persecuting fire.

Lo ! |beauteous liberty, the choicest gem
Of BRITAIN'S crown, to BRITAIN ever dear,
Requires protection from the spoiling arm 464
Of France, now rais'd to blast her boasted pride.

Ye BRITONS, let the voice of kindred plead,
And every dearest tie that binds mankind ;
Behold your hoary fires, those hands now weak,
Which, vig'rous once, did shield your helpless years,
And fought, and conquer'd, to secure your bliss ;
That rev'rend parent claims the strength he gave,
The arm, yet strong with health and vigorous ^{youth,}
To save his feeble and declining years, 473
From cruel bondage and tyrannic power ;

And

To

To feed the dying flame of life, and bring 475
 His silver'd age, unforrowing, to the grave.
 See the fond dame, the crown of all your bliss,
 Whom sacred wedlock, and conspiring love
 Have join'd with you to share in every fate;
 The partner of your bed, and all your joy, 480
 Protection for her helpless nature claims;
 While round, your infant race, the smiling hope
 Of after years, the fruit of all your love,
 Cling fond, and, ignorant of general woe,
 With silence, and unmeaning looks, demand 485
 A parent's blessing, and a parent's care.
 And, O ye BRITONS, thoughtless and secure,
 Like midnight dreamers on the headlong sleep,
 Let not the voice of after-ages brand
 Our present race with infamy and shame; 490
 Nor pour their horrid imprecations forth
 In anguish, struggling with the galling chain,
 Their freedom lost; nor, loud exclaiming, say,
 Our fathers, blest'd with liberty and peace,
 These choicest treasures, heavenly gifts below, 495
 Abus'd the blessing, perverse and ingrate,

Dissolv'd

Dissolv'd in revel, and luxurious feast ;
 Then drunk with pleasure, madly threw away
 Their liberty divine, the richest gem ;
 And to the heirs of such a vast estate, 500
 Bequeathed nought but wretchedness and scorn,
 Unjustly spoil'd, abandon'd and forgot ;
 Of joy and every sweet endearment robb'd ;
 To groan beneath the rod of foreign lords,
 Inslav'd to bondage, and oppressive kings. 505

C

BOOK II.

281

C 2

The ARGUMENT.

The foes of Britain combine against the Protestant interest on the Continent.—The warlike preparations of the house of Austria.—The king of Prussia, appris'd of their plot, marches with his army into Saxony.—Invests the camp at Pirna.—Marshal Brown advancing to deliver the Saxons, is encountered by the king, who had marched into Bohemia.—The battle describ'd.—The king returns before the Saxon camp.—The enemy attempt in vain to escape.—The king of Poland, finding it impracticable to force a passage by the sword, allows his troops to surrender themselves prisoners of war.—Eulogium upon the king of Prussia and his army.—Application to Britain, who is threatened by the common foe with no less imminent danger.

B O O K II.

Τιμῇ ἔν τε γάρ ἐσι καὶ ἀγλαὸν ἀνδρὶ, μάχεσθαι
 Ἰῆς πέρι, καὶ παίδων, κυριδίνης τ' ἀλόχου,
 Δυσμένεσιν.
 Οὐδέποτε κλέῃ ἐσθλὸν ἀπόλλυται, εἴδ' ὄνομ' αὐτῷ;
 Ἄλλ', ὑπὸ γῆς περ ἐὼν, γίγνεται ἀθάνατῳ,

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 s of war.
 army. —
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OF late, when mighty princes had combin'd
 In hostile league, and superstitious Rome,
 Fir'd by religious warmth, and burning zeal,
 To raise the strength of her declining faith,
 Had plann'd destroying mischief; how the love 5
 Of country, law and liberty, did rouse
 The slumb'ring Protestant, and turn'd the sword
 Of hasty vengeance on their guilty heads !
 The Empress queen, whom interest ever held,
 Not faith, or league, or solemn treaties seal'd; 10
 Her friendship venal, ever to be sold,
 With Rome supreme conspired to subdue
 The hardy Prussians, and enslave the realm :

To seize all right and law, and over truth
 To stretch the sword of their triumphant church :
 Nor Gaul, thou less industrious to foment 16
 The hostile flame, and raise the seeds of war:
 Thou ever bent on mischief to mankind ;
 Thou foe of peace, of liberty, and truth,
 And sworn destructive to the British isle ! 20
 Inflam'd by high ambition, and elate
 With certain hopes of success, to o'er-run
 The British islands, and to hold the realm
 A servile province, conquer'd by the sword :
 Insidious France first turn'd the hostile blow 25
 Against our Indian colonies ; and sought,
 By striking at the fountain of our wealth,
 To bend our boasted greatness to the yoke.
 Nor on the Continent were formed plots
 Less dreadful, and destructive to our cause, 30
 Level'd at Liberty and holy faith.
 Against confederate power the awful storm
 Of wasting war was turn'd ; and Prussia stood,
 Mark'd for destruction speedy to descend.
 Even thus the evil demon of the night, 35
 Malicious,

Malicious, full of cruelty and guile,
 Deceitful, at the silent hour walks forth,
 And ponders ruin for the virtuous man ;
 To lead his steps by the insidious blaze
 To silent deeps, or tempt him down the steep ; 40
 Or 'gainst his friend defeated mischief turns,
 Consuming fire, or tempests fierce with rage,
 Descending wasteful on his wealthy fields,
 His peaceful village, or the winnowing store.
 Now twelve long months consum'd o'er plots and ^{schemes,}
 To guide the sword of all devouring war ; 46
 Each arsenal they fill'd with warlike stores,
 As provident for need, with sulph'rous grain,
 And glittering armour pil'd, and brazen tires
 Of bellowing thunder, wasteful thro' the field. 50
 Meanwhile, in every city where the Elbe,
 Wide branching round, in majesty descends
 Swift to the Baltick, busy work resounds
 Of war preparative ; with sweating brow
 The toiling arm'ror ply'd the heated iron, 55
 Forging the faulchion keen, and pointed spear, 4
 The polish'd helm and corslet, to repel
 Invading

Invading force : others with dext'rous art
 Prepar'd the hollow engine, dreadful throat
 Of dire sulphureous fight, which charg'd with death,
 At one small opening fir'd, with carnage heaps 61
 Th' ensanguin'd plain, and gores the battle round.
 Some from the mead the sprightly courser led,
 Marked by nature for the madd'ning fray,
 With ardent eyes, high neck, and roomy chest, 65
 The seat of strength ; his shining sides full turn'd,
 Burning with vigour, in the heat of blood :
 His nervous limbs well-shap'd and full of life,
 For hardy travel or careering course.
 Him, from the verdant plain, where uncontroll'd,
 He rang'd at will, and try'd the circling race ; 71
 Where oft he nobly woo'd his willing loves,
 And fed with them on nature's fragrant bloom ;
 The emulous youth, in joyous triumph, bring,
 High bounding, foaming, raging with his chains,
 Champ'ing th' indignant curb, and snorting smoke.
 With vent'rous art they train him for the fight, 77
 By docile whip, and chearing language, taught
 The martial exercise; when to advance,

When

When to retire, and scour the champaign round.
 Of horse and foot a num'rous army throng'd, 81
 All armed for the field, and still increas'd
 Their multitude by vigorous supplies.
 The hoary veteran, who oft had stood,
 And bore the brunt of many a bloody field, 85
 Tho' rich with fame, and proud with glorious scars,
 Obeys the empress' voice, and yields once more
 His rev'rend gray hairs to the pressing helm ;
 Leaving his native home, and careful wife,
 With whom he hop'd, in undisturb'd repose, 90
 To pass the scanty remnant of his days,
 Rejoicing peaceful o'er some honest toil.
 The swain is ravish'd from his fertile fields,
 To learn the bluff'ring trade of war uncouth :
 Transported, he unsheaths the shining sword, 95
 And tries the gallant look, and martial frown.
 The lab'ring artist, weary of his toil,
 Scorning to loiter in inglorious ease,
 For honor dares the vent'rous chance of war,
 And dreams of conquest in the tented field. 100
 From all her cities now Germania pour'd

Her

Her armed sons, and form'd a numerous host
 Of warriors, ardent for the coming day ;
 All dauntless and unmov'd, fit to decide
 The hostile strife, and on their falkions bear
 The fate of nations : now the busy queen, 109
 By promises and powerful gold, had bound
 The faith of mighty monarchs to befriend
 Her guilty cause, and stand her brave resource,
 Should adverse fortune blast ambitious views : 110
 When rumor, with her hundred tongues, roar'd loud
 The dreadful mischief by the empress aim'd,
 Against the head of some high potentate ;
 And the prodigious ruin stood reveal'd,
 Suspended but the heavier to descend. 115
 Thus, black as night, when rainy south-winds blow,
 The storm comes brooding o'er the mountain^{height,}
 Condensing fast, and gath'ring all its rage ;
 Hovering a while among the shatter'd cliffs,
 It stands and threatens destruction, till anon, 120
 Loud, scouling, down the precipice, descends
 Th' infuriate whirlwind, and darts along,
 In wrath tempestuous, thro' the ravag'd vale.

But

But PRUSSIA's royal lord was on the watch,
 Anxious, and mindful of his country's fate : 125
 His breast with every princely virtue fir'd,
 Wise, active, bold, he stood, by merit rais'd
 The parent and the guardian of the realm.
 Violence and Rome, thy country's foes and thine,
 Did hope to seize thee unprepar'd, and lost 130
 In slumb'ring ease, nor marking war awak'd,
 Till conquering armies should besiege your gates:
 Whilst thou, illustrious ! conscious of the snare,
 And all their counsels dark, unwearied, watch'd
 The sleepless nights, and ponder'd counter-schemes,
 Rend'ring abortive disconcerted plots, 136
 And sending war retorted on the foe.
 His princes rous'd, and every leader warn'd
 To draw his chosen warriors to the camp,
 Against th' appointed day, the Prussian rose 140
 Like sulph'rous flame at once, and pour'd along,
 Thro' hostile countries, his victorious band,
 Resistless as the ocean when it bursts
 Batavian mounds, and rages o'er the plain.
 So active PRUSSIA turn'd the hostile sword 145
 Of

But

Of war, unsleath'd against his native realm,
 On the astonish'd foe, and, in one day,
 By flying speed o'er-reach'd insidious snares,
 And flung impending mischief from her throne.
 Thus where the Andes, over Indian plains, 150
 Lift high their rocky summits to the clouds;
 The royal eagle, from his airy build,
 Descends against the serpent-race, inflam'd
 By ancient feud, and pois'nous mischief hatch'd
 Against the feather'd subjects of his reign: 155
 On vengeance bent dread from the rock he comes;
 Conscious of guilt the fearful serpent flies,
 Leaving his feeble young a helpless prey:
 These in his talons seiz'd, the bird of Jove,
 Loud screaming, upward rides the air sublime, 160
 And full of wrath down on the naked flint,
 Dashes th' accursed race, and ends the plague.

Onward the hero rush'd with eager march,
 To win the lofty capital, and quell
 The storm of war by one victorious day: 165
 Thro' cities aw'd, and suppliant gates thrown wide,
 He bent his rapid course, still unoppos'd;

For

For terror and amazement fill'd the hearts
Of every foe, such was his martial mien,
Resistless, and his host the sons of war. 170

Now had the hero reach'd the lofty walls
Of hostile Pirna *, where Polonia's prince,
With Austria join'd in grand conspiracy,
Shelter'd his troops from the victorious foe,
Begirt with trenches, and defensive towers. 175
Conscious of guilt, he fortified his camp,
Impregnable, and desperate his cause,
Resolv'd on conquest or a glorious fall.

Great nature's hand, without the help of art,
Had form'd a fortress here, invincible; 180
By pathless hill, and shady wood secur'd,
And ruin pendent from the shatter'd cliffs.

D

In

* This post joined on the right to the fortress of Sonnestein; on the left, to that of Konigstein: the front was inaccessible. Nature, in this extraordinary spot, seems to have delighted in forming a fortress without the assistance of art. No better idea can be formed of it, than by imagining a craggy rock in some parts covered with vast Pine trees, of which the Saxons, for their greater security, had felled great numbers. Behind Sonnestein and Pirna flows the Elbe, amidst rough and inaccessible rocks. See the king of PRUSSIA's campaign.

For

'In front, all access barr'd, high craggy rocks
 A solid bulwark stood : the tow'ring pines,
 Which on their summits wav'd, vast ramparts ^{form'd,}
 And bore the level'd batt'ries, to repel 186
 Invading war, and scour th' inferior plain.
 On either side, with regular lines, the camp
 Was join'd by two proud castles ; while behind,
 The roaring Elbe, from thund'ring sleep to sleep,
 His raging torrent pour'd ; now deep ingulph'd
 In circling whirlpool ; now bursting loud 192
 Over the shelving precipice, and dash'd
 Fierce from the rocky shore, a foaming tide,
 Impetuous, irresistible, and deep. 195
 The wond'rous post survey'd, great PRUSSIA's lord
 Invested strait these hostile walls, but found
 The place not to be won by dint of sword *,

* Without

* The Prussian army was no sooner encamped round
 this post, than it was perceived, that, notwithstanding
 the inferiority of the Saxon army, the advantageous
 situation of the ground it possessed was so great, that
 it was not to be attacked without considerable loss. It
 was therefore determined to turn the attack into a
 blockade, and to treat the Saxon army rather in the
 manner of a town besieged, than like a post which
 might be attacked according to the rules of war, carried
 on in an open country.

Without much blood-shed, and sulphureous fight:
 For tho' the Saxons, number'd with his host, 200
 Were but a feeble band, yet were they brave,
 And stood resolv'd to meet the storm of war.

This danger weigh'd, th' illustrious chief prepares
 To quit the foe, and haste his speedy march.

In counsel eminent, as in the field, 205

He saw, no foe unconquer'd must be left

To gall his march, infestive on his rear,

Or guard provisions from the famish'd camp.

Beside, the Saxons, if shut up, must yield

Thro' long delay, and pinching want compleat 210

An easy conquest: thus resolv'd, he turns

The storm of war into a close blockade;

The camp was strait begirt with closest siege,

And to secure the prize, great KEITH * encamp'd

With armed bands upon the neighb'ring hills. 215

The foe secur'd, to victory and fame-

D 2

His

* This body was commanded by marshal KEITH, by whose orders general Manstein made himself master of the castle of Ketichen, taking an hundred Austrians prisoners. The marshal encamped at Jonsdorf, where he staid till the end of the month.

His val'rous host the royal warrior leads.
 At Konigsgratz, behind defensive walls,
 The Austrians safe had lodg'd a num'rous power :
 Against this hostile post, bold Schwerin came 220
 With patriot bands elate, an equal force.
 While on his march, encount'ring with the foe,
 The hardy cheifstain won the victor's praise,
 Contending bravely in his country's cause.
 Twice did the hostile cavalry assail 225
 His dauntless troops, and twice with rout repell'd,
 His veterans rush'd o'er heaps of slaughter'd foes,
 And drove the remnant which the sword had spar'd,
 Mangl'd and flying, to their distant camp.
 Resistless, unoppos'd, he ravag'd wide 230
 The Champaign fields, and, to insult the foe,
 His hussars forag'd to the city's gates.
 Dismay'd the Austrians mann'd their safer towers,
 Nor chose to risk the fortune of the field ;
 While, to observe the foe, the Prussian chief 235
 His squadrons on the neighb'ring plain encamp'd.
 Still on the hero rush'd, o'er hill and plain,
 And rapid flood, to meet his country's foe,

Nobly

Nobly resolv'd on highest deeds, to wreck
 Confounding vengeance from the lifted sword, 240
 And ruin on the enemies of peace.

So when the swarthy Moors have wide beset
 The pathless woods with dogs and toils, the roar
 Of clam'rous horns and huntsmen, dread alarm!
 Rouses the desperate savage to defend 245
 His helpless litter from invading man ;

The cowardly foe intent upon the snare,
 Fierce from his den the rushing panther springs,
 Vindictive, foaming, burning to destroy ;
 O'erleaps the toils, and on the flying croud, 250
 Hangs ruinous; then each assailant fled,
 Appeas'd his kindl'd rage, with conquest proud,
 The lordly savage seeks his haunt again.

Now painful toil, and sleepless nights o'er-^{watch'd,}
 Demanded some cessation, to recruit 255
 Exhausted strength, and ease the aching limbs
 Of hardy warriors, uncomplaining round.
 Meanwhile the Austrian chief, inur'd to war,
 Nor less illustrious on the foughten field,
 Drew forth th' imperial legions, by command 260

Of his high sovereign, hastening to rescue
 Th' endanger'd Saxons from inglorious fall.
 The foes sad plight he knew, and came elate,
 With heart assur'd of victory, to raise
 High his immortal name, and end the strife 265
 By one most fatal and important field.
 All provident and anxious for his cause,
 With wond'rous art he plann'd the coming day,
 And threaten'd fierce destruction to the foe.
 Nor less the Prussian, with a leader's care, 270
 Prepar'd the war, and rang'd his little host,
 All resolute, determin'd to prevail;
 Their country, faith, and liberty, at stake,
 A glorious cause, to conquer or to fall!
 From rank to rank he went; for all the night 275
 Was pass'd in heavy arms, and fir'd each breast,
 By martial language, to heroic deeds:
 The useless pike resign'd, he arm'd each chief
 With the destructive engine, to augment
 The battle's thunder 'gainst superior force. 280
 Then view'd his warlike cavalry, arang'd,
 And fitly harness'd; dauntless and elate,
 They

They restless stood, and from their ardent eyes
 Each courser shot pernicious fire, and paw'd
 The trembling ground, and to resounding hills
 Loud neighing, seem'd to claim the promis'd fight;

265 And now bright morn array'd the misty top
 Of eastern hills with saffron light, and show'd,
 From east to west, the plain one moving grove
 Of glitt'ring steel, and burnish'd arms, which blaz'd
 Fierce with reflected light, and over head 291
 The purple ensigns streaming to the wind.

By Lowositz th' imperial army flood,
 In order rang'd, a glorious face of war :
 For now the sun his golden orb reveal'd, 295
 On thousands never to arise again ;

With level rays smote on the adverse host,
 Which seem'd wide stretch'd along one burning ^{front}
 Of fierce devouring war : these onward came

In confidence of strength, elate with hopes 300
 Of conquest, and despis'd the weaker foe.

280 Full opposite the dauntless heroes march'd,
 All ardent and enflam'd by diff'rent fire,
 Their glorious cause, and liberty, inspir'd

They

Courage

Courage sedate, and resolution firm, 305

To bide, unmov'd, the cruel brunt of war,
Or fall illustrious with defended truth.

Intrepid, they drew nigh, in order just,
With solemn steps, mov'd to the martial sound
Of life and clarion loud resounding far. 310

And now approach'd within destructive reach
Of pointed cannon, all in silence lost,
At once, as with devouring thunder's voice,
The dreadful engines roar'd, on either host
Infuriate, belching forth wide wasting rage. 315

Then nearer, front to front, each army stood,
With hostile frown, and meditating death.
Loud, as tempestuous thunder over-head,
Follow'd the general discharge, and roar'd
Resounding to the hills, from either wing
The brazen engines shot destructive plague, 321

And spread wide desolation o'er the files :
Deep-gor'd, the battle bled in ev'ry vein,
And carnage and red slaughter spread the ground.
Black rolling smoke involv'd th' embattl'd hosts,
Both sun and heaven ravish'd from the sight; 326

Fierce

305

Fierce thro' the dusk the fiery volleys blaz'd,
 And thunder rag'd, uninterrupted, round.
 Dire was the conflict, while stern warriors fought
 With equal ardor, struggling for the day : 330
 Well match'd they stood, in courage and in might,
 Unconquering, unsubdu'd, and nicely just
 The doubtful war in equal balance hung.

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315

od,

But who in lofty numbers can describe,
 How Prussia's Lord, by guardian angels led, 335
 On danger's point his bloody courser spur'd,
 Even in the throat of death; with warlike voice,
 Awaking now the thunder of the troops,
 Now charging dreadful in the front, and now
 Like tempest pouring on the flying foe ! 340

321

His was the care to bear each rougher part,
 Like lightning swift to interpose defence
 Where-e'r the battle swerv'd, illustrious prince,
 The genius and the ardor of the field !

ound.

osts,

; 326

Fierce

Nor, FERDINAND ! less noble shall the wreath
 Of conquest circle round thy warlike brows, 345
 Who bravely in the thickest battle rag'd,
 And reap'd immortal honor by the sword :

Thrice,

Thrice, with the cavalry, you charg'd amain
 Superior multitude, and, thrice repell'd; 350
 You toil'd unweary'd for the glorious praise;
 And scarce at last, immortal deeds perform'd,
 Did turn the doubtful fortune of the field.

And thee, O KEITH, the thunderbolt of war,
 Noble in council, raging in the fight, 355
 How shall the muse, with trembling pinions, sing?
 Thee she beholds conspicuous on the plain,
 Thy foaming courser stain'd with hostile blood;
 Now toiling in the cruel breach of war,
 Now bounding watchful thro' the order'd files:
 Thy sword now drawn for liberty and right, 360
 In thee renew'd BRITANNIA glad surveys
 Her antient genius celebrate for war;
 The Caledonian soldier, rough and bold;
 To grapple danger with the warrior's look, 365
 And gather fame in the contended field.

But now the sun, from his meridian throne,
 Thro' surging smoke shot unavailing beams;
 As yet unquell'd the hideous conflict burn'd,
 While rage and discord wild embroil'd the fray,
 And

And slaughter strod along the wounded ranks. 371

And now the Prussian cavalry prepar'd

One general charge, determin'd to prevail.

Great FERDINAND the rushing cohort led,

Wasteful, impetuous, thund'ring on the foe. 375

Thus from the snowy Alps, while winter reigns

In tempest, the devouring wolves descend,

Hungry and fierce, destructive thro' the vales:

Resistless so the daring Prussians came,

And on the naked edge of danger pour'd. 380

Sometime the foe withstood the dreadful charge,

Enacting wonders in the brave contest;

Then overpower'd, wild rout ensu'd, and flight

By hideous ruin follow'd; foaming steeds

Born down, and o'er the founder'd horsemen roll'd;

Or furious bounding with the galling wounds 386

Of desperate foes, trod underfoot, o'erthrown.

Here in a crowd confus'd the battle roars,

And combat dire ensues, while, hand to hand,

The glitt'ring falchions close with deadly wounds,

And war unconquer'd struggles for revenge. 391

Here lifted high the battle-axe descends

Wide

And

Wide wasting, here the sounding head-piece rings,
And the brain'd warrior tumbles to the ground.

Abash'd, the Prussian infantry beheld 395

Their horse triumphant victors of the field ;
While lab'ring they, and unprevailing, stood
Before the vaunting foe. All fir'd at once
By honest shame, and glory's powerful call,
One dreadful charge essay'd wide o'er the front.
Then first the foe recoil'd; they following fast,
Where conquest led, improv'd the stagg'ring blow:
Their thick array with daring files they pierc'd,
And forcing trenches, and defensive walls,
By all surmounting courage won the day, 405
And push'd retreating Austria from the field.

Thro' Lowositz, in shameful rout confus'd,
The Austrians fled, while on the mangl'd rear,
Two Prussian brigades pour'd vindictive rage †.

Resistless

†. In this action, tho' only the attack of a post, every soldier of the left wing fired ninety shot. They had no more powder, nor ammunition for their cannon; notwithstanding which, the regiment of Itzenblitz and Manteufel entered Lowositz with their bayonets fix'd, and drove

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Resistless on the town they rush'd amain, 410

And, hand to hand, enacting bloody deeds,

They drove fresh multitudes in shameful rout,

And whelm'd the village in devouring flame.

Discomfited and torn th' imperial troops

Fled to their safer post, dismay'd and sad, 415

While on the foughten field the victor foe

Encamp'd all night, triumphant and elate.

One conquest won, a prouder conquest waits

To crown the warrior with immortal praise.

An armed host, impreguably secur'd 420

By walls and rocks from every rude assault,

By all surmounting conduct must be won.

Th' ambitious prince, invited to the snare

By wond'rous art, must yield his captive host,

And take forgiveness from the generous foe: 425

Such vict'ry how compleat, how nobly great,

How elevate above the barb'rous feats

Of fierce combustion, and devouring fields!

There savage rage is seen, and cruel waste,

E

The

drove before them nine fresh Austrian battalions, which
marshal Brown had just posted there. The battle con-
cluded with a disorderly flight of the Austrians.

The work of men, with brutal courage fir'd; 430
 Here council shines, distinguish'd prudence, art,
 And reason's god-like power, that spark divine,
 Which fires the mighty soul to glorious deeds,
 And prompting wisdom dignifies the man.

Thus foil'd, and each aspiring thought o'erthrown,
 Some days the Austrian shelter'd in his camp 436
 His broken troops, to ease the galling wound;
 Then on the danger of the Saxons turn'd,
 With active mind, who destitute of aid
 Were close environ'd by the powerful foe. 440
 At midnight, from th' entrenched plain, he led
 A select band of warriors bold, and join'd
 His chosen brigade, hastening to rescue.
 This known at rising morn, without delay,
 When first the east receives Aurora's fire, 445
 The Prussian hero rose, and follow'd fast
 With all his warlike cavalry: he came,
 Full of the glorious day, to reap the fruits
 Of council great, and well-conducted schemes.
 Even thus, the keen ey'd falcon swift descends
 On Pallas' bird victorious; long he watch'd 451

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The tempting spoil, and she his rage defy'd,
 Close shelter'd in her ivy mantl'd tower ;
 Compell'd abroad, while circling slow she wheels
 In quest of food, and least expects the snare, 455
 Strait from his airy flight the victor stoops,
 As lightning swift, and bears the captive prey.
 Now had he reach'd, with foaming steeds, the hills,
 Whose tow'ring cliffs o'erlook the Saxon camp ;
 Sooner the Austrian came, but far too weak 460
 To make assault on the besieging troops ;
 He lodged his band behind the pathless rocks,
 To aid the desp'rate Saxons, now resolv'd
 To cut a daring passage by the sword.

Of late they had essay'd * on lengthen'd floats
 To pass the swelling tide with armed files ; 466
 But fiercely batter'd from the farther shore,
 445 Resigned the bold attempt ; again full soon,

E 2

Direct

* Since the 10th of November, great changes had
 happened in the camp at Pirna. The Saxons had that
 day endeavoured to throw a bridge over the river at
 Willstead ; we had there a redoubt, from whence cap-
 tain Dickwede, who was there with fifty of Bevern's
 grenadiers, fired on their battoes : he took seven or eight
 of them, and others he sunk with his cannon ; so that
 the designs of the Saxons miscarried.

Direct against the tow'ring precipice *,
 Where pendent rocks hung o'er the silent deep,
 In bending circus hold the shelter'd shore, 471
 With ardent toil ; a-cross the shackl'd flood
 They unmolested flung a stable bridge,
 And hasted fast to the insidious snare.
 Now sunk the sun, and sable night began 475
 To draw her cloudy veil : the saxon host,
 Invited by the silent hour, march'd forth †
 To cross the foaming Elbe : the chosen van

Safe

* Zeigenruck, a perpendicular rock, sixty feet high, and which forms a semicircle round these difficult posts, joining the Elbe at its two extremities. At this inconvenient place however, it was, that, on the eleventh, the Saxons began to form their bridge. Our officers, instead of disturbing, suffered them to finish it.

† The descent from Tinnisdorf towards the Elbe, is tolerably practicable ; but after they had finished their bridge, the great difficulty remained of climbing up the rock, from whence they could go only by one foot-path to Alstædtel. It was on the 12th in the evening they began their march. Two battalions of grenadiers, after infinite difficulty, got on the other side.—The difficulty of the passage hindering the march of their troops, the van could only file off one by one, whilst the main body, and the rear, were obliged to remain motionless on the same place. On the 13th, very early in the morning, Prince Maurice of Anhalt received the first advice of the retreat of the Saxons. Our troops, without delay, marched in seven columns.

Safe landed, labour'd up the craggy steep ;
 While slow behind the following army march'd.
 The upward road, and narrow pass confus'd 481
 The weary train, now halting, embarrass'd ;
 Now climbing single, 'twixt the rugged cliffs.
 At early morn, th' investing host appris'd,
 Advanc'd in different columns on the foe. 485
 Furious they rush'd on the defenceless rear,
 Soon overpower'd : then gallant Maurice led
 The Prussian brigade, fearless, to the charge ;
 The cannon gor'd their files, and from the woods
 The galling hunters shot destructive plague. 490
 A general flight ensu'd, their baggage lost,
 And every hope relinquish'd of escape.

So fortune stood, when Prussia's lord arriv'd,
 In glorious hour. Then Austria's chief retir'd
 With flying speed, unable to rescue; 495
 While Prussian hussars, following on his rear,
 Made dismal havock thro' the wasted band.

Joyous the hero view'd his toil compleat,
 And war nigh quell'd by one decisive blow.
 O'erwhelm'd at once with rage and burning shame,

His swelling heart, indignant to submit, 501
 The saxon prince still hop'd to force his way.
 Dissuasive round his aged c'leiftains wait,
 With honest counsel blame the fatal scheme,
 And call with one consenting voice to yield. 505
 Conditions drawn, and liberty insur'd,
 The Saxons march'd, submissive, from the camp, †
 And laid their ensigns at the victor's feet.
 Then on his host with gratulations turn'd,
 Their partners now, and brothers of the war ; 510
 For numbers own'd the Prussian as their lord,
 And join'd ambitious with his conqu'ring power.
 His camp and army lost, the Polish prince,
 In safety, every royal honour paid,
 Disconsolate, to Warsaw's towers retir'd. 515
 Victorious host, ye sons of liberty,
 How nobly have you won th' important day !
 Full bravely have you stood the dreadful shock

Of

† On the 16th the Saxon army marched out, and
 was conducted to our camp, where most of the soldi-
 ers entered ; and the officers were permitted, on their
 parole, to go to their places of residence.

Of multitudes; and with heroic fire,
 Well have you fought religion's cause, and wreck'd
 Vengeance and shame on the devoted foe, 524
 And ruin, while the empire trembles round.
 Nor less conspicuous have you plac'd in view
 These laurels, slumb'ring ardour to awake,
 If any burns in the confederate breast, 525
 And fires with emulation, or with shame.
 Their hands enchain'd by luxury and vice,
 Those hands which now should wield defensive steel,
 And throw the buckler round endanger'd right.

Such wondrous valour, general thro' the host,
 Such fortitude, inspiring every chief, 531
 Such active conduct, and surmounting skill,
 Claim tributary praise from every tongue.
 The troops of Greece, thro' hostile countries led
 By Xenophon, unfading laurels won. 535
 The deeds of Roman legions never die,
 Born on the wings of loud immortal fame.
 Yours too, ye heroes, ever shall remain,
 And deathless live in the historic page.
 A glorious cause, to fire the warrior's breast, 540

And

And actions highly worthy to be prais'd,
And to be sung in more illustrious verse.

And thou distinguish'd wonder of mankind!
How stands thy great example, richly mark'd
With every virtue, dignity and wreath ! 545

How nobly has thy martial genius plann'd
The martial toil, and glorious conquest won!
These feeble plots, so dreadful late, return'd
With speedy vengeance on contriving guilt.

Let others sing great Ammon's conquering son,
Or Cæsar proud in his triumphal car ; 551

These spoilers of the world, inglorious names,
To live heroic in illustrious verse !

The trembling muse a nobler theme pursues,
The gen'rous patriot, by his country fir'd, 555

The hero toiling thro' laborious days,
And grappling danger for the public good :

Such worth with such distinguish'd ardor join'd,

And deeds, the glorious birth of counsels great,

The ravish'd muse admires, and while she sings,
She borrows fame from the immortal theme. 561

Proceed, thou great ONE; hasten to compleat

The

The vast design, big with thy country's fate ;
 May conquest still attend thy flying car,
 And greater rise in each embattel'd plain ; 565
 May that heroic spirit still inflame,
 Still bear thee onward for the public good ;
 Till thou shalt quell the rising storm of war,
 Till thou shalt chain insidious mischief down,
 And trample on the necks of hostile kings, 570
 The dreadful foes of liberty and peace.

Albion! when will thy slumbring islands wake ?
 When will thy warriors hear the loud alarm,
 And arm undaunted, resolute and bold,
 Like champions for endanger'd liberty ? 575
 How does the vaunting foe, with conquest proud,
 Joyous behold thee but half-roused yet,
 When his victorious spear has enter'd deep
 With many a galling wound, and British blood,
 Still unreveng'd, has dy'd your Indian plains. 580
 How Gaul triumphant o'er thy dismal plight
 Hangs pondering, and meditates the blow,
 Awaking war thro' all her spacious realm,
 And calling every soldier to be brave.

Since

Since now the time long wish'd for is arriv'd, 585
 To end Britannia's glory and her power,
 To take full vengeance for the bloody fields
 Of Cressy, Blenheim, and of Agincourt ;
 To conquer the proud rival of her arms,
 The bar of all her conquests ; to subdue 590
 Those adverse shores infestive, and hang forth
 Her ensigns streaming from Augusta's tower--
 O hateful thought to every British mind !
 O sight detested, odious to behold !
 A race of slaves wide plundering to descend, 595
 And rob the free-born BRITON of his right !
 Shall France, who oft beneath fam'd Albion's sword
 Has bow'd her head *, or fled with trembling speed,
 While

* The English army under Edward III. wasted France,
 and carried their conquests to the very gates of Paris.
 His son Edward, Prince of Wales, surnam'd the Black
 Prince, won the famous battle of Cressy, in which were
 slain the King of Bohemia, the Duke of Alencon, King
 Philip's brother, the Earl of Flanders, and many other
 great men. Edward, Prince of Wales, also gain'd the
 famous victory at Poitiers ; took King John, and Philip,
 his fourth son, prisoners ; and kill'd the duke of Bour-
 bon, the Constable of France, with many noblemen of
 the first distinction. King John was carried to England,
 and, after four years imprisonment in the Tower, was
 ransomed for three millions of crowns of gold.

While BRITONS o'er her conquer'd provinces
 Have march'd victorious, and have storm'd the ^{chief}
 Of all the realm ; and rich with plunder'd wealth,
 And captive kings, return'd triumphant home ?
 Shall France, insulting, bend the raging storm,
 Her thousands arm'd against our southern shores,
 And daringly provoke avenging rage ? 605
 Shall they, who know no freedom, and no joy,
 Save what the rod of lawless pow'r does yield,
 And the stern voice of their tyrannic Lord,
 Ever descend victorious on our shores,
 With chains and bondage to distress the land, 610
 And, impious, fix oppression on the throne,
 Where bounteous liberty, exalted, smiles ?
 Whilst BRITAIN yet has ardor to contend,
 And generous sons to arm for liberty,
 So long as there remains one sword to draw, 615
 One single arm to interpose defence,
 One daring youth to lend his desperate aid,
 And shed his blood for liberty and truth.

Arm, arm, ye brave ! obey the powerful call ;
 A glorious cause provokes : nor thirst of fame,

Nor

Nor mad ambition to enslave mankind : 621
 Fair liberty's the prize, the gift of Heaven,
 The BRITON's treasure, and the BRITON's pride ;
 Here safely shelter'd, from the impious rod
 Of servitude and bondage, she has found 625
 A glad retreat, and long hath blest'd these isles
 With peaceful joy, and plenty's smiling train,
 With golden days and memorable years.
 For this the servile Gaul shall ne'er confound
 Her happy reign, while BRITAIN can unsheath
 Th' avenging steel, and wake defensive war. 631
 What BRITON burns not at the sacred name,
 And feels th' inspiring pow'r in every nerve ?
 What son so lost in luxury and ease,
 While danger o'er this precious treasure hangs,
 And hastens not with interposing aid ? 636
 Who will not fight for liberty, the boast
 Of human kind, the glory of our land ?

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OOK

BOOK III.

F

The ARGUMENT.

BRITAIN considered as dissolved in riot, and every vicious pleasure, whilst our allies on the Continent are bravely contending for their endanger'd liberty.—Our shameful progress in luxury, and all those vices which bring on the ruin of a nation.—This, the source of our late misfortunes, which we must behold as monitors of more terrible vengeance, ready to descend, unless averted by a general repentance and reformation of manners.—Prayer to the supreme Being.—Towards the end, the poem turns altogether visionary.—Britain rises brave in defence of her liberty and religion.—Encampments along the coast described.—A grand parade of the British host at sun-rise.—The goddess of the island rising out of the sea in her chariot, speaks to her sons, calling on them to be valiant, pious and temperate, which concludes the poem.

BOOK III.

Certa quidem tantis causa est manifesta ruinis ;

Luxuriæ nimium libera facta via est.

Vincite delicias, et GALLICA vincite arma,

Et bina ad patrios ferte trophæa deos.

PROPERTY.

Britain, for whom the muse has rais'd her song,
How loudly do these glorious scenes awake !

To thee how loud this public spirit calls,

And rouses emulation to be brave !

This host determin'd, and, with flying speed, 5

Born fearless on the front of pow'rful war,

Shows how endanger'd freedom will call forth

Nations at once, to fight her battles brave ;

All strong and ardent, with paternal fire,

EL

That

That burns unquench'd by luxury and vice : 10
 To you it speaks aloud, and calls to rouse,
 For these most sacred and endearing names,
 Religion, country, liberty, and law,
 Defensive war, and send the keen-edg'd sword
 Forth, conqu'ring, and devouring on the crests 15
 Of mad ambition, and invading Rome.
 With loud condemning voice, it calls thee, plung'd
 In vicious pleasures, and voluptuous ease ;
 Wasting the day in idleness and feast,
 The sinful nights in revel and debauch : 20
 It brands thy sons degenerate and base,
 Neglectful of their country and its good ;
 To whom endanger'd freedom calls in vain,
 Unheard, and all her injur'd train forgot :
 From whom their murder'd brothers claim revenge,
 And every trembling island calls for aid. 26
 Others have warmed for the glorious cause
 With burning hearts, and, by industrious toil,
 Beat back invading danger, and have stood,
 Their breasts the mighty bulwarks of their laws :
 But BRITAIN, poison'd by infectious draughts 31

From

From the enchanting bowl, and charm'd to rest
 By Syren tongues, and soothing vanity,
 Discerns no more the loud imploring voice,
 Nor virtuous transport knows, nor solid joy, 35
 Endearing life, which noble spirits feel.

On your voluptuous sons, destructive wide,
 Rages the gaming madness, guilty joy !
 The fashionable vice of later years :
 To this unfathom'd and devouring gulf, 40
 The sons of riot haste in luckless hour,
 And headlong down they plunge, for ever lost,
 Involving in the ruin fam'lies, friends,
 Honour and interest, never to arise.

Dissolv'd in revels loose, and midnight dance, 45
 The precious hours consume ; and rising morn,
 Which well might blush to see the shameful feast
 Prolong'd all night, unwilling lifts her eye
 On our degen'rate sons, who still renew
 The lengthen'd banquet, with luxurious cost, 50
 Till, every sense subdued in triumph, they
 Are born inebriate and disgraceful home.
 O shameful days ! O ignominious vice,

Which our industrious fathers never knew ;
 Th' ignoble scandal of degenerate times, 55
 Baneful to public and to private good !
 View the confed'rate realm, what temp'rance reigns
 And frugal plenty joyous thro' the land:
 Grateful they take the bounteous gift of heaven,
 And strong for toil with rising morn awake, 60
 The gallant champions of defended faith ;
 Whilst BRITAIN'S sons, wore out by vicious joy,
 Their task o'er night, in deepest slumbers ly,
 Sunk on the couch of indolence and shame.

This is the noxious malady, which hangs 65
 So deadly now on thy infeebl'd arm ;
 This the foul plague that withers all your strength,
 And bends your drooping glory to the dust :
 For this just heav'n, unmanning ev'ry soul,
 Your wisdom turns to foolishness, and blasts 70
 Abortive councils and defeated plots ;
 And when you venture on the chance of war,
 Breathes panic thro' your armies and your fleets ;
 No conquest and no wreath of honour won,
 But heavy loss, and shame repeated still. 75

BRITONS

BRITONS be men ! nor let your shame be told ;
 With manly fortitude defy the voice
 Of artful pleasure, charming to destroy.
 Sleepers awake, and fly these guilty scenes !
 Turn not, escape this all-involving plague, 80
 Which, like pestif'rous fog, sweeps deadly on,
 And, brooding o'er your cities, spreadeth death,
 And desolation piteous and sad !
 No more let error's flow'ry devious path
 Attract your steps, nor, in unguarded hour, 85
 Enter the chambers garnish'd with delight :
 There pleasure, like a powerful forc'refs, reigns ;
 Thron'd on bewitching arts, she holds the bowl
 Empoison'd, and alluring every lip ;
 Killing all virtue, and inspiring vice. 90
 A few short hours these prodigals rejoice,
 Drunk with the overflowings of her cup ;
 Then ruin, who impatient lurks below,
 With jaws devouring, eager for his prey,
 Bursts forth, and turns the beauteous scene to woe.
 The King of kings, who, with a father's eye,
 Hath ever look'd on BRITAIN, and declar'd, 97
 By

By tenderest expressions of his love,
 Her chosen of the nations, when he found
 That heart estrang'd, which ever should have burn'd
 To him in flames of gratitude and love, 101
 As incense from the golden censer mounts,
 Pious and fragrant, rising to the skies.
 He did not then in awful rage descend
 Against rebellious sons, but, with the frown 105
 Of tend'rest parent, merciful and kind,
 Gave tokens of displeasure, by his hand
 Seen in defeated councils, and the shame
 Of humbled hosts, who, glorying in their might,
 Own'd not the God of battles, nor implor'd 110
 His aid who on the wings of conquest rides.

Now, check'd our foul revolt, before the throne
 Of dread omnipotence let ev'ry knee
 In low prostration bend ; and ev'ry face
 With conscious guilt abash'd, and ev'ry heart 115
 Sighing expressive ardor, seek renew'd,
 Returning favour and averted ire.
 Far let us fly all vain and splendid mirth,
 Which first seduc'd and taught us to rebel ;

And

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And, like the watchmen round beleagur'd walls,
 Who, sleepless, guard against assaulting war, 121
 The day and night, unwearied, let us watch
 Against the cunning of more powerful foes ;
 Lest heaven's high king, who only threatens yet,
 When more provok'd, in justice should descend,
 Consuming wide ; our young men by the sword
 Cut off, our old in sorrow captive led, 127
 The height of our exalted pride thrown down,
 And all our gladness into mourning turn'd.

O ! thou eternal mind who sits enthron'd 130
 On rectitude, that ever-during rock,
 Upon whose councils wisdom ever waits,
 Unerring, and these councils to fulfil,
 Omnipotence ! to thee shall Britain bend
 In humblest adoration, and with tears 135
 Of penitential sorrow seek thy face !
 To thee she cries with fervent voice, the God
 Who holds the hearts of nations and of kings,
 And at thy will dost turn them as the streams
 Of water, gracious look with blessings down, 140
 And touch that heart, which of itself remains

Unactive

And

Unactive, till thy holy spirit warm.
 Save us from foul cont-minating crimes,
 From luxury, and pleasure's tempting wiles;
 May the loud voice of riot cease to roar, 145
 Shamefully impious at the midnight feast:
 May virtue, like a mighty river run
 Thro' all our streets, nor other voice be heard
 Within our walls but that of harmless peace;
 Awaken public spirit, and the flame 150
 Of patriot love, in these our per'ious days:
 And O! thou Mightiest who reign'st above!
 King of th' angelic host, and awful Lord
 Of Israel's armies! may thy spirit come
 Upon our warriors in the fleet and camp; 155
 Fire ev'ry breast, and strengthen ev'ry arm,
 To play the heroes in the fields of fight,
 For freedom, and the cities of our God.
 May thy good angel, with protective shield,
 Descend, and round each chieftain throw defence;
 Prosper each scheme, and strengthen ev'ry stroke;
 But thro' the foe shoot terror and dismay,
 And shameful rout in each contended field:

That

That BRITAIN still may see the joyous days
 Arise on golden wings, and heav'nly peace 165
 Establish'd, ev'ry fierce commotion laid.

BRITANNIA, think how widely thou hast stray'd
 From virtue's path! how drunk the pois'nous bowl!

And madly slumber'd on the headlong sleep!

Fly far these guilty and delusive scenes, 170

And banish ev'ry base and sordid joy:

Be pious, temperate, and woo the flame

Of patriot virtue to inspire thy breast.

No more let discord or dissension's rage

Burn in thy veins, the fiercest of thy foes: 175

Let faction cease, and harmony combine

Your num'rous sons, against the common foe:

Send forth thy fleets, terrific on the deep,

To raise thy name, and scourge the faithless Gaul,

And stand thy mighty bulwark, on the foe 180

Level'd, like thunder on the guilty head.

Arise ye sons, attend the loud alarm,

Which summons ev'ry slumb'ring pow'r to wake,

And bear you onward in the manly strife,

The glorious strife for liberty and truth! 185

Thus

That

This is the time which calls you to be brave,
 To rouse unusual ardor, and contend
 With vig'rous arm against tyrannic pow'r,
 With minds undaunted, resolute and bold;
 'Like patriots toiling for the public good. 190

BRITONS, behold th' important day is come,
 Big with the fate of liberty; and Gaul,
 Like a malicious fiend, in tempest wrap'd,
 And luring night directs the gather'd storm.
 How seems the genius of our isles to droop. 195
 Anxious and trembling for his sea-girt realm?
 No more he rises graceful on the deep,
 His silver hairs adorn'd with orient shell;
 But in the chrystal chambers of the main,
 Retiring sad, with dread impatience waits 200
 The awful doom which destiny decrees.

Lo! Albion sad, her laurels faded, all
 Disconsolate in sorrow lifts her head
 The falling tear, and frantic look, speak forth
 Her pressing grief and doubtful fears, which hang
 With gloom fermenting round her troubl'd mind:
 Attended by her sorrowing train, she comes 207

In mournful pomp to the imperial throne :
 To thee great **GEORGE!** she kneels, her sovereign ^{Lord,}
 In whom, conspicuous, every virtue shines, 210
 To dignify the patriot, and the King.
 Direct on thee, her confidence and hope,
 Defender of her freedom and her faith,
 BRITANNIA looks with an imploring eye,
 For counsel, safety, and returning peace. 215
 She seeks thy arm to interpose defence,
 Against the edge of all destroying war ;
 To shield our islands from the lifted stroke,
 The cities and the temples of our God,
 From plundering foes and desolating fire, 220
 And furious superstition's blinded zeal,
 Which charity nor tender pity knows.
 Grateful, she owns what various bliss hath flow'd
 From thee, the copious fountain of her health,
 Descending joyous thro' the smiling plain, 225
 In course progressive to the desert wild.

Glorying in thee, her Sovereign, she beholds,
 When rev'rend age has mark'd thy royal brow,
 And shed its silver'd honours on thy head,

Thee active still, and full of martial fire, 230
 Gallantly mounted on the bounding steed,
 And ranging war along the tented shores :
 Or in the serious council views thee great,
 And vigilant, beyond thy growing years,
 Unweary'd, watching out the sleepless night, 235
 Full of the public cares and public good.

To you she lifts her supplicating voice,
 Illustrious SENATE, rev'rend and august ;
 The BRITISH states, with BRITISH freedom bold,
 In pomp assembled for the publick weal, 240
 As kings and princes, on some solemn day,
 To hail some mighty emp'ror, or support
 The gen'ral interest by confederate league.
 Patriots ! to you with suppliant voice she speaks,
 By great resolves to quell these low'ring storms,
 Which threat disastrous evil to the realm ; 246
 And close, with kindly hand, her bleeding wounds.
 Thro' all her Indian empire, where the sword
 Of Gaul, and stern Americans, hath laid
 Whole kingdoms waste, and pow'rful hosts o'er-
 Our castles storm'd, and fire and slaughter spread

O'er

O'er the wide champain to the cities gates;
 To wake defence ; and, with paternal care,
 To shield these kindred provinces, who call,
 With loudest voice, for council and for aid. 255

BRITAIN has found thee great in per'lous days,
 To haste relief, and ease the pressing load ;
 From thee, the soul which animates the realm,
 Still will she hope, and claim the future hour,
 Bright with returning joy and sacred peace, 260
 To mitigate her woes, and raise her head

Above these scenes of grief and anxious fear:

Kneeling to you, illustrious states ! she asks
 Some salutary law with wisdom plann'd,

Defensive of her liberty and weal. 265

She waits the royal mandate to call forth,
 Loud as the trump of Mars, when he provokes

His Thracian bands to slaughter and revenge,

Her vigorous youth by danger doubly bold,

Num'rous, and burning with the galling wounds

Of bloody France, impatient for the field ; 271

With public spirits, loyal, bold and free,

As guardians of the kingdom and the laws.

Her warriors from inglorious slumbers rous'd,
 To deeds of fame, and armed for the field, 275
 BRITAIN no more shall dread th' impotent frown
 Of hostile Gaul, nor bend beneath her stroke :
 Great in herself the ocean's queen shall stand,
 Repel invading war, and turn its course
 Victorious, wasting on the Gallic shore. 280

Then, on some glorious day, shall BRITAIN raise
 Her sword, descending on the trembling Gaul
 With tenfold vengeance in awaken'd rage,
 With usury returning every loss, 284
 And every bleeding wound with wounds repaid.

With joy the muse beholds th' auspicious hour,
 When BRITAIN's sons shall arm for BRITAIN's laws.
 Transported, she renews her weary flight,
 Arising ardent with the glorious scene.

And hark ! aloud the brazen trumpet roars, 290
 Wide o'er the coasts, to wake defensive war.
 BRITAIN attend ; this is the voice which calls
 Your sons, like roused lions, to the field ;
 This is the voice commanding to be brave,
 To stand like heroes, or like heroes fall : 295

This

This is the royal mandate issu'd forth,
 Stamp'd with the voice of princely senates, met
 On patriot cares, and BRITAIN'S public good.
 I see the powerful call, re-eccho'd round
 From south to north, awakes the peopl'd shores.
 Behold the martial sound, as from the dead, 301
 Rouses our vig'rous sons in warlike pride,
 Grasping the spear, and brandishing the sword :
 To Gauls they threaten death, and cruel wounds ;
 And, like the roused soldier, sternly daring, 305
 Hope their approach, that thirsty swords may drink
 A great revenge, and vanquish'd Gallia mourn.

Lo ! on the Kentish shore, the royal tent
 For GEORGE is pitch'd; the warlike King, grown old
 In civil fame and military praise, 310
 The tend'rest parent, and the gentlest Lord,
 Still labours out the evening of his days,
 Nor yields his aged limbs to soft repose,
 When BRITAIN'S int'rest calls him to awake. 314

With princely mein, and youthful ardor, waits
 Our FUTURE HOPE, full of his god-like Sire.
 Each royal virtue rising in the bloom,

Foretels the wealthy harvest that will come
 On BRITAIN, rich with the successive blifs.
 Now, east and west, transported he surveys 320
 The kingdom circl'd by the sounding deep ;
 With regal cities, proud and princely domes,
 With arts, and Wealth, and smiling liberty,
 All beauteous, like a precious diamond set,
 With dazzling splendor in the silver main. 325
 These honours, and this richest treasure view'd,
 His own, alas ! too soon, when angel's wing
 Shall waft his royal Father to the skies,
 From mortal rais'd to an immortal crown.
 How martial does the youthful warrior rise ! 330
 How scornful tow'rds the Gallic shore he turns
 His ardent mind, big with the glorious cause,
 And burning to acquire the patriot's name !
 In sleep, when clam'rous care is lull'd to rest,
 And noise officious leaves the peaceful tent, 335
 Endanger'd BRITAIN cross his fancy comes,
 While in the blood-stain'd field he seems to toil,
 With single arm against a band of foes :
 Ardent and bold for the contended prize,

His

His native realm, in fancy's lively dream,] 340

He starts in rage, or loud in triumph shouts,

His country's good superior in his mind.

See where his tent, with martial honors proud,

The ROYAL WARRIOR spreads, of leaders chief ;

Great in the field, illustrious thro' the land, 345

In per'lous days our confidence and hope.

His country's bulwark, now the hero leads,

Like Thracian Mars, our armed troops to fight ;

These conq'ring troops, who, on a foreign shore,

Withstood fierce multitudes, like heroes each, 350

And gain'd thro' nations an immortal name.

Around the new-form'd brothers of the war,

Intent 'ere while on arts and industry,

Now summon'd em'lous to the tented field,

With burning hearts, and martial spirit, haste 355

T' unsheath the sword, defensive of their rights.

And now the sun, broad in the purpl'd east,

Uprising, mounts his steeds o'er burning waves.

The BRITISH host arising with the morn,

Shine as they issue forth in grand parade, 360

Like cherubim resplendent, such as sung

The

The BRITISH muse, majestic and divine.
 Gallant they issue forth ; their polish'd arms,
 Fierce with the rising light, reflect around 364
 The darted gleam, and o'er the champain blaze.
 High on the lifted standard, rich with gold,
 The rushing lion seems to flame with rage,
 And threaten fell destruction, whilst aloud,
 Sonorous metal, blowing with the voice
 Of battle, leads the ranged warriors on, 370
 Elate, and seems to rouse the distant hills.
 They, in a lengthen'd column, solid, deep,
 Like that which drove, o'er Tournay's raging plain,
 The num'rous troops of France, in flying rout,
 And still shall drive these proud invaders back ;
 Terrific march, led by their royal LORD, 376
 And CUMBERLAND the hero of the field.
 On either wing the cavalry, arrang'd
 In glorious order, move ; while from the host,
 Full of heroic fire, and braver far 380
 Than youthful Ammon's on the Granic shore,
 The clang of arms, the thunder of the steed,
 The shouts of warriors, and the trumpet's voice,
 Re-eccho

Re-echo martial to the distant sky, 384

And shake on ev'ry side the trembling ground.

But whence this boding silence thro' the deep,

And silver radiance half involving round;

These brass-hoof'd coursers, bounding from the ^{wives!}

It is the mighty goddess of our isles,

Known by her radiant arms, celestial proof; 390

The beamy corslet, and the polish'd helm,

The brandish'd sword and golden buckler blaze.

Arising from the chambers of the main,

She leaves the hoary council of the deep,

And hastens to inspire her gen'rous sons. 395

Swift o'er the untouch'd flood her chariot flies,

Follow'd by Fame who crowns th' immortal dame:

Before her victory and freedom lead;

Behind a joyous train with eager haste,

Pursue the triumph to the wond'ring shore: 400

The bending hosts confess the power divine,

The winds are hush'd, and each suspended wave

Hangs listening on the margin of the deep.

" Princes, and leaders of the BRITISH host!

" Ye patriots, for endanger'd freedom arm'd! 405

" Ye



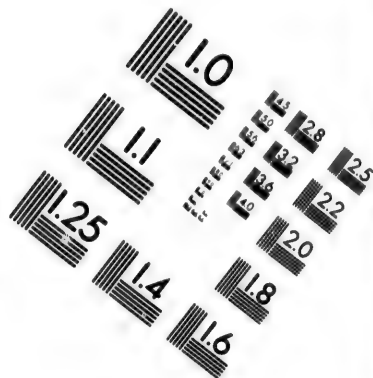
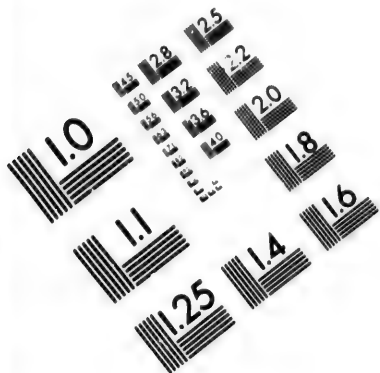
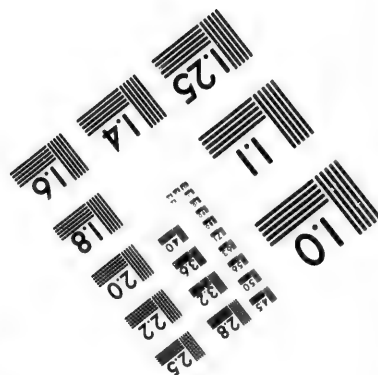
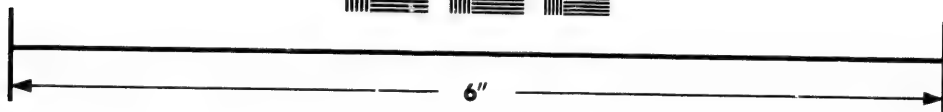
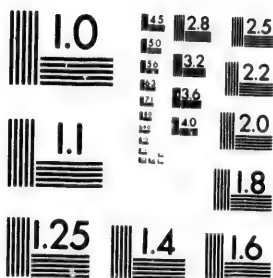


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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10

“ Ye martial sons, with noble spirits met,
 “ Like heroes ardent for their country’s cause !
 “ Thus may you ever wake in per’lous days,
 “ Thus stand the bulwark of assaulted right,
 “ And bear your fortune on the naked sword. 410
 “ In antient times, when many a powerful band
 “ Of plundering Danes descended, or when Spain
 “ With Rome combin’d, sent out their mighty fleets,
 “ And mighty armies to devour the land ; 414
 “ How, hero-like, the BRITISH soldier fought,
 “ And, pouring vengeance from the bloody sword,
 “ Still beat these daring robbers from the coast !
 “ Ambitious France, tho’ now with hostile frown
 “ She looks more dreadful, never shall prevail.
 “ These arms, my sons, in many a bloody field,
 “ Terrific sound ! shall lift a great defence 421
 “ Around my pop’lous cities, and shall drive
 “ Each proud invader from the BRITISH shore.
 “ I see the horrors of the war at rest,
 “ And BRITAIN thron’d victorious on the deep :
 “ I see the happy reign with honor clos’d, 426
 “ The ROYAL YOUTH ascending like his Sire,
 “ To

- " To give fresh lustre to the BRITISH crown.
 " High over humbl'd Rome our holy faith,
 " Establish'd firm, exalts her rev'rend head. 430
 " Bright peace returns, and thro' the happy land
 " Science, and arts and industry prevail.
 " That age, so often sung in fancy's dreams,
 " Here first begins, and brings the golden years,
 " On BRITAIN more than all the nations blest,
 " And grown the pride and wonder of the world :
 " Such bliss awaits, and only to be won
 " By fortitude, and virtue's conqu'ring power.
 " My sons, be active, vigilant and brave,
 " And play the men for liberty and right ; 440
 " But oh ! be temp'rate, virtuous and just,
 " And fly from luxury, the bane of states ;
 " For virtue made Rome mistress of the world,
 " As luxury o'erturn'd th' imperial throne."

She ceas'd ; the coursers of themselves took wing,
 And bore the chariot o'er the gazing host, 446
 Till circling clouds the dazzling glory veil'd.

Fix'd by the voice divine, each chieftain stood
 More elevate, impatient and inflam'd.

Like

Like inspiration, on the host her speech 450
 Descended ; every warrior fiercer grasp'd
 His glittering arms, and tow'rd the Gallic shore
 Disdainful frown'd, whilst the consenting shout,
 From multitudes, re-eccho'd to the sky.
 The noise was like the roaring of the main, 455
 Or mighty waters, when th' infuriate tide
 Gives dreadful presage of some future storm.
 Thus on fam'd Asia's shores the Grecian youth,
 Fir'd by the hoary monarch of the deep,
 Their fainting courage and their strength renew'd,
 Gave bold defiance to the troops of Troy, 461
 And look'd vindictive on these hostile tow'rs,
 Perfidious, and to quick destruction doom'd.

F I N I S.

The MOTT O's may be thus englished,
with a short paraphrase suited to the de-
sign of the P O E M.

The FRONTISPIECE:

Quid moror? &c.

Shall I, inglorious, wait the hostile stroke
Of cruel spoilers, and a Roman yoke?
Shall BRITAIN basely see her pow'r expire,
And Gauls triumphant sack these walls with fire?

The TITLE-PAGE:

Μέχρις τού καλάνουδε; &c.

How long shall riot waste the guilty night!
Nor BRITAIN wake for her endanger'd right!
Arise ye brave! and meet your country's foe;
Insulting France now lifts the fatal blow:
Bellona fierce invades the British shore,
And discord bids the trump of war to roar.

BOOK

BOOK SECOND :

Τίμῃ ἐν τοῖς γάροις, &c.

What glorious praise the city shall bestow !
 What lasting wreaths to crown the warrior's brow,
 Who, by his country fir'd, in fields of fight,
 Maintains the combat, and defends her right !
 Not death itself shall reach the victor's name,
 Nor mar the flight of his triumphant fame.

BOOK THIRD :

Certa quidem tantis, &c.

Pride is the cause whence our disaster springs,
 And crimes which loud defy the King of kings.
 From luxury, the bane of nations, fly,
 And be more valiant as the danger's nigh :
 Pleasure subdu'd, each dreadful foe shall yield,
 And BRITAIN triumph in some glorious field.

!
brow,

!
C,

s,
s.